THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, A TOWN ECLOGUE.

[Price One Shilling.]

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THE

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS,

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

———— *Arcades ambo*
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.
VIRG. Ecl. vii.

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PERSONS.

GRIM, DINGY, and SOOTY-DUN.

THE

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

GRIM, DINGY, and SOOTY-DUN.

SAint Martin's had ſtruck one—Night's feeble bands
Profoundly ſnor'd at their reſpective ſtands:
The myſtic Lodge, rul'd by one common ſoul,
Dos'd o'er the dregs of the expiring bowl:
The niggard churl awhile forgot his hoard,
And punctual Betty roſe to keep her word.

Line 3.] The Author humbly hopes his Brethren will excuſe this only ſecret of Maſonry he ever diſcloſed.

Line 6.] This is ſuppoſed to be the ſame Lady mentioned in the following lines of a deſcription of a morning in town.

"Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
"And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own."

WARB.

Where martyr Charles, aſtride his brazen ſteed,
Leers at the place where erſt he loſt his head,
Three ſable youths, of that illuſtr'ous crew
Who clear the chimney's ſoot-encumber'd flue,
Cloſely engag'd in purl and friendly chat,
Round the dim remnants of a bonfire ſat:
And, while the dying embers they ſurvey'd,
Thus Grim began, and Dingy anſwer made.

GRIM.

Dingy, Saint Giles's boys with raptures tell
Your feats in ſinging, ſince you ſing ſo well:
Not Sooty-dun himſelf, if they ſay true,
Has half ſo loud, ſo ſhrill a pipe as you.

DINGY.

Well have you heard, my equal is not found
From Holborn Corner down to Nibbs's Pound:

And

Line 13.] " And, while Aurora gilds the mountain's ſide,
" Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd."
POPE's 1ſt Paſtoral.

Line 20.] Nibbs's Pound is an edifice of no ſmall note in Tyburn Road.

And as to Sooty-dun—believe me, Grim,
Some ſays I ſings more betterer nor him.

SOOTY-DUN.

Dingy, 'tis neither more nor leſs than ſpight:
You know where 'twas I *cotch'd* you t'other night;
Aks Moll Come-duſty——but, to end this ſtriſe,
I'll ſweep a *chimley* with you for your life.

GRIM.

Peace, Sooty-dun, folks now are all aſleep;
No *chimleys* for theſe next four hours to ſweep.

DINGY.

Cotch'd me or not, that does n't *argify*;
There's nobody can ſay that *black's my eye.*
You *knows* as well as I, it was n't Jack
That hid the *Gemman's Tatler* in the ſack;

Yet

Line 22.] As this and ſome other paſſages may ſeem ungrammatical and barbarous to the nicer critics, they are deſired before they decide to peruſe the Blackguard's Grammar, or Yellow Waiſtcoat's Vade Mecum, when the author flatters himſelf they will allow both the language and ſtyle to be entirely conſonant with the Rules laid down in that valuable and learned work.

Line 32.] *Tatler*, a watch. Ib. *Gemman's*, for Gentleman's.

Yet he was *cragg'd* for't---But, ſhou'd I tell all,
I *knows* who'd quickly *dance at Bilby's ball.*
I'd ſcorn to 'peach!———————

GRIM.

——————— Why that's my *heart o'gold!*
Come, Sooty-dun, you're far leſs wiſe than bold:
Dingy's a *lad o'wax*——ſuch *ſouls* as we
About theſe matters ſhould n't diſagree.
You, both of you, I know, have bilk'd the law;
So make it up, and let's ha' no more *jaw.*

SOOTY-DUN.

Tip us your daddle, Dingy---what I ſpoke
I only meant, as I may ſay, in joke:
And, *ding my buttons!* ſooner I'd be dead
Than hurt a ſingle hair o' Dingy's head.

DINGY.

Line 33.] *Cragg'd,* hanged.

Line 34.] *To dance at Bilby's Ball,* to be hanged.

Vide the Tyburn Dictionary, by Buckhorſe and others, folio edit.

DINGY.

I only jok'd myſelf; for, if there's one
In all the world I love, 'tis Sooty-dun.

GRIM.

Well ſaid!——*My eye!* but you were both too hot;
Here's to ye——Dingy, put about the pot.
Now we are all agreed, let's have a catch;
What ſay you, Sooty-dun?————————

SOOTY-DUN.

————————A match!————

DINGY.

————————————A match!
And I'll begin. Sweet to my hungry ſoul
Is the dear reliſh of a butter'd roll!
Sweet is the ſmack of Truman's high-froth'd bub!
Sweet are the ſcrapings of the treacle-tub!
Sweet are the ſlumbers in a glaſs-houſe ſtove!
But ſweeter far my Moll Come-duſty's love!

SOOTY-DUN.

Soft are the feathers on the jack-daw's back!
Soft is the ſoot that fills my ſwelling ſack!
Soft is that ſack itſelf, and ſoft my bruſh!
Soft is the velvet ſmooth, and ſoft the pluſh!
Soft are the fancies of a *lovier's* dreams!
But ſofter far my Beſs O'Blear-eye ſeems!

DINGY.

As in the duſt-cart once my Moll did ride,
Her ancle dangled careleſs o'er the ſide;
Her tatter'd handkerchief betray'd her breaſt——
I ſaw enough to love, and gueſs the reſt.

SOOTY-DUN.

As late I rambled by the New-road ſide,
High on a cinder-heap my Beſs I 'ſpy'd:
Her coats, too ſcanty, offer'd to my view
Charms that wou'd move a Turk, or 'Ebrew Jew.

DINGY.

DINGY.

At the Nag's-head as Moll and I did ſit,
The lovely vixen took a jealous fit:
" Dingy," ſays ſhe, " at Billingſgate I've been;
" And there your ſweet-heart, *Ambling Sue*, I've ſeen:
" I thought you'd got *ſome brimſtone* in your eye"—
Dear Moll, ſays I, that ſtory's all a lye:
I never, ſure as you ſhall be my wife,
Kept company with her in all my life:
Be you *true-hearted*, I will conſtant prove,
And let this *Gin and Bitters* bind our love!

SOOTY-DUN.

Once at the Magpie as I ſat with Beſs,
I ſtruggled with the baggage for a kiſs:
" Tell me," ſays ſhe, " how many hours are paſt
" Since when you kiſs'd your dear *Nan Melton* laſt?"
Dear Bet, ſays I, as ſure as hips are hips,
In all my life I never touch'd her lips:
Sam Crapſworth told it, and he told a lye.
She turn'd and ſmil'd, and was no longer ſhy;

Unaſk'd

Unaſk'd ſhe kindly *proffer'd* me a kiſs,
And t'other *noggan* ſoon confirm'd my bliſs.

DINGY.

Davy the Nightman lately took a whim,
As if he thought that Moll cou'd *fancy him.*
" I'll conſtant be," ſays ſhe, " if conſtant can;
" I *loves but one*, and Dingy is the man."

SOOTY-DUN.

To Beſs's love *Ned Snudge* of late laid claim:
She ſent him back, though, faſter than he came.
" I *loves*," ſays ſhe, " and ne'er will love but one;
" And who can blame me, when 'tis Sooty-dun?"

DINGY.

Laſt May-day, as I ſkipp'd the garland round,
Cheer'd by the merry hurdy-gurdy's ſound,
I look'd, methought, with an unuſual grace;
For Moll herſelf had *waſh'd* and *chalk'd* my face.

SOOTY-DUN.

That happy day I never ſhall forget:
The jack-aſs that I rode did ſo curvet,
He bray'd for joy—Say, cou'd the beaſt do leſs?
The knots upon his rump were ty'd by Beſs.

DINGY.

As in the Mall one day I play'd at taw,
A ſmart young Enſign of the Guards I ſaw:
Simp'ring a little at my dreſs and hue,
He call'd me "*Snowball*," and a ſix-pence threw.
Some *gin and 'bacca* ſtrait I run and bought;
I laid out two-pence, and gave Moll the groat.

SOOTY-DUN.

Coming from Chelſea t'other ev'ning late,
Jem Duffin ſtopp'd me at the turnpike-gate;
But when he knew me noddling on my aſs,
"Ha! Clargymant!" ſays he, and let me paſs.
The money ſav'd I've in my pocket got,
And it ſhall buy my Beſs a *ſup o' hot*.

DINGY.

But yeſterday, behind a load of ſand
Conceal'd in wanton humour, Moll did ſtand:
I heard a voice that call'd me by name;
I look'd, but cou'd n't tell from whence it came;
And while in dumb ſurpriſe I ſtar'd around,
She forc'd a laugh, and by that laugh was found.

SOOTY-DUN.

Laſt night I ſtroll'd by Privy-Garden wall,
Where *old Peg Meazle* keeps the apple-ſtall;
And as I whiſtling ſaunter'd careleſs by,
A rotten apple hit me in the eye.
I ſtar'd, but who had thrown it cou'd not gueſs,
'Till her own voice convinc'd me it was Beſs.

DINGY.

Tell me this riddle, Sooty-dun, unleſs
You'll give up any future thoughts of Beſs:

What

Line 124.] ——————— latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo.——Hor. Lib. I. Od. ix.

Line 128.] Malô me Galatea petit.——Virg. Ecl. iii.

What flower is that, whoſe emblematic name
Proclaims the dreaming School-boy's crime and ſhame?

SOOTY-DUN.

Firſt tell me this, or elſe your claim to Moll
Can be but trifling, if it is at all:
What's that which, paſſing in a puff of wind,
Goes off like ſmoak, but leaves no ſoot behind?

GRIM.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, *my Worthies*——Lo, the day is broke!
And ſee the *chimley* tops begin to ſmoak!
Here's to ye, Lads——come, box the mug about.

DINGY.

Ding my old buckles! Grim, you've drank it out:
I thought you had ſome ſcheme in that ſame catch;
Another time I'll keep a better watch.

The

Line 133.] Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcuntur flores, & Phillida ſolus habeto.
VIRG. Ecl. iii.

Line 139.] Deſine plura, puer, & quod nunc inſtat agamus.
VIRG. Ecl. ix.

Line 140.] Et jam ſumma procul villarum culmina fumant.
VIRG. Ecl. i.

The Heroes roſe, and each reſum'd his ſack,
And hung his bruſh and ſhovel at his back:
Ambition fir'd each dauntleſs breaſt to ſoar
Through paths untry'd, new regions to explore,
And boldly mount to heights unknown before.
" The world was all before them where to chuſe;"
So on they ſhuffled in their ſlip-ſhod ſhoes.

Line 150.] Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.